Now Iesu blesse me, am I metaphorphosed?
I think I know not my selfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my
honesty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I
should scarsely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreasonable woolsacke is this? He was ne-
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I
gaue such assurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,
they should neuer see more holy-daies. Well, I shall
trust fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O god,
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres Mistris *Foord*.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis.For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis.Pag. O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case
in my life.

Mis.Foord. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis.Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethee looke on that Letter.

Mis.For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name
Of Mistresse *Page*, and Mistresse *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnesse to looke vpon this.

Mis.Pa. Why this is right my Letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?
Let's be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis.

Mis.For. Reuenged, if we liue wee'l be reuenged.
O Lord, if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Foord, Page, Pistoll, and Nym.

Mis.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis.Foord, the words I speake are forc'st:
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife;
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this.

Foord. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong & old, both rich & poore,
None comes amisse. I say he loues thy wife:
Faire warning do I giue, take heed,
For summer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;
Page beleeue him what he ses. Away sir corporal *Nym*.

Exit Pistoll.

Nym. Sir, the humour of it is, he loues your wife,
I should haue borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake, and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.
Farwell, I loue not the humour of bread and cheese,
And there's the humour of it. *Exit Nym.*

Page. The humor of it, quoth you;
Heeres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis.Pa. How now sweete hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Pa. How now man? how do you Mistris *Foord*?

Mis.Foord. Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chance thou art so melan-
choly?

Foord. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.

Goe